but transparent and blond, which fell about me like soft hair. When, going out by the little door in the bottom of the garden, I saw the sun again and the luminous cliff in front of it formed by the grove of beeches, everything struck me as so affectionately beautiful, so new, that I could have wept with joy. With me tears are not the privilege of sorrow, but also of admiration, of emotion, of a brusque and violent sympathy, of excessive joy. I cannot remember ever having wept, since childhood, for a personal sorrow, and yet I weep so easily; in the theater the mere name of Agamemnon is enough: I weep torrents. From this physical accompaniment my emotion derives the guarantee of its authenticity.

The violence of this emotion had all but overwhelmed me. On going in I had a rather sharp headache and immediately after dinner, heavy with sleep, went to bed.

Read before going to bed the biography of Athenais (Eudocia) and a few lines of Tacitus.

Read this morning a few chapters of Tacitus (beginning of Book XI), then began writing before going down to the garden.

I know that, outside, a vegetative lethargy seizes me and that, if I let myself go, I am lost to work*

Sunday, S o'clock

After lunch, went to sleep for an hour (read the indifferent article by Deschamps on Ferrero); woke up, my head swimming from the buzzing of the bees. A swarm, escaped from Fremont*s, had got into the dining-room chimney. This young swarm, which Fremont wanted to capture, was* still uncertain and you could see it, as if elastic, above the top of the house. Burning a little paper in the chimney drove it away and it lighted in the lawn on one of the lowest branches of the cedar, Mius, his wife and his three not very handsome children, F,, and Em.

were watching; I joined them. The shrill swarm, dazed with sunlight, surrounded the branch, a moving cloud that gradually became tighter and denser. Soon a large number of bees, some of them fixed directly to the branch and others clinging to the first ones, formed a sort of gourd, growing, swelling, lengthening out as we watched, then occasionally letting fall on the lawn what looked like thick tears of burning pitch.

Fremont, the farmer, then set out to fetch his hive. When he returned, Mius was setting up the stepladder; the swarm had not moved. Fremont measured the distance from the ground to the branch and cut a forked pole exactly of that length, to which he attached the hive. The bees stirred a bit; that is, there took place on the surface of the swarm a sort of sudden evaporation, when he brought up the ladder and climbed onto it to fix the forked pole against the branch. Finally everything was so well arranged that, the weight of the forked pole and of the hive bending the branch slightly, the whole business came to lean against the